Stranded - 'Why can't I be normal?'

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Stranded - 'Why can't I be normal?'

by reid_simp

Summary

Will and Molly hadn’t been fighting. That was the worst part. They'd been getting along fine, but Will had fucked it up with his emotions and trauma. All he wanted was a normal life, the life he’s wanted since he was little. He's found his normal life, away from the FBI, where he can fish and boats, and be a husband and father. The perfect life.

In fairness, he should’ve known things wouldn’t be that simple.

- some of my thoughts on Will and Molly, as well as a post-fall - spoilers for the last episode

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will and Molly hadn’t been fighting. That was the worst part. They'd been getting along fine, but Will had fucked it up with his emotions and trauma (sidenote I find it hilarious that all Will needs now is therapy). All he wanted was a normal life, the life he’s wanted since he was little. He's found his normal life, away from the FBI, where he can fish and boats, and be a husband and father. The perfect life.

In fairness, he should’ve known things wouldn’t be that simple.

In fact, he’d warned Molly that he was fucked up, that he’d be far from the perfect husband, but he’d always try his best to be good, and a good father to Wally.

He’d been taking a nap on the couch in the afternoon, because he hadn’t slept the night before. He'd taken a sleeping pill and passed out at 2pm. At 2:30, he’d woken up, practically screaming, sweat seeping into the towel he’d put down. Wally had been at school, thank God, but Molly had come running in. It had been a bad one, so Molly wasn’t to know he wasn’t being murdered, a genuine and very visceral fear of Will’s.

“Will?” she rushes over to him, kneeling beside the couch and touching his arm with hers for support. He flinches away. “Sorry... Is there anything I can do?”

Will just shakes his head. “Fuck... why can’t I be normal?” He practically sobs into hands covering his face.

“I don’t want normal, Will. This is good enough for me. You are good enough for me.” She’s trying to be reassuring, but Will’s self-deprecating nature has grown exponentially since Hannibal came into his life. He can’t stand being accepted, or liked, because Hannibal was the first person to see him as something other than a tool or science experiment. And he turned out to be both of those to Hannibal in the end. Used to get away with mass murder and cannibalism, twisted and moulded his mind into a tool. Manipulated him so much that Will talks himself out of visiting him every day.

“Stop! Stop pretending this-” he points at himself as he jumps off the couch, then at the soaking towel under where he was. “-is normal! This is not okay! You don’t need this; Walter doesn’t *need* this!” Grabbing his wallet, car keys, coat and slipping into his shoes, Will starts for the door.

“Where are you going this time?” She isn’t angry; a little frustrated, maybe, but mostly concerned.

“I need some space.”

It's how he ended up in an almost empty bar, drunk out of his mind by 8pm. Whiskey, mostly. Some shots of whatever looked nicest through his blurry vision. The bartender took his car keys when he fell off his stool and took his phone to call Molly when he passed out, head on the bar. After a while, he’d refused to serve Will, but he’d gotten angry and made all sorts of empty threats. The bartender didn’t have any backup so had no choice but to keep serving

him. He said he was either calling Molly or the police. Will knew Jack would find a way to worm his way back into his life if he was arrested, and so let him call Molly.

She came shortly after, having put Walter to bed and grabbed the baby monitor from the loft and left it in his room. “Will?” The bartender points to a hunched figure on a stool, head on the bar. “Fuck, Will...”

She stands in his view, pulling his hair behind his ears and gently tapping him to ‘awake’. He groans, lifting his head up to see a blur mildly resembling his wife. In this state, she almost looks like Abgail. He wishes it was Abigail. “Hey Will. Let's get you home.”

Will knows she won’t be angry now. Her priority is to get him home and to bed, and the anger will come tomorrow, when he apologises like he does every time, and she cries because she wants to help him, but he clearly doesn’t want help. She’ll shout at him because Walter doesn’t deserve this, and Will will cry because he *knows all this but can’t stop.*

Molly half carries him to her car, helping him into the passenger seat. “’m sorry...” Will murmurs once they’ve started driving. “Sorry... mm always do this... stupid.”

“Not now, Will. I’m your wife, so I'll always come and pick you up, okay? I’m always here.”

When Will wakes up in the hospital, told Hannibal dropped him off after the fall before fleeing, Molly is beside him. “I left Walter at my friend’s house, and the dogs.”

She doesn’t get angry. She isn’t angry that he nearly died, or that he nearly got her killed, or that he went so overboard with trying to catch Dolarhyde that he hadn’t contacted her once. “I’m sorry I let you go back. I should’ve told Jack to piss off, and you should’ve stayed.”

A doctor comes in after a short while and explains his injuries: water in his lungs and several lacerations from the fall; stab wounds to the right cheek and chest; a jostling of his stomach injury, and slight head trauma from whatever happened between hitting the water and coming up for air. Molly holds his hand while the doctor explains how long recovery will be. It didn’t help that he was severely dehydrated – which Will finds ironic – when he was brought in, practically malnourished and in a terrible state, making his recovery time significantly longer.

Of course, then Jack wanted to speak to him. Tried to be gentle in asking Will if he played a role in freeing Hannibal. Even if it was a lie, Will would’ve told Jack he didn’t, particularly with his wife sat beside the bed. Jack had wanted her to leave, but she’d insisted. Apparently, Will has discovered, she is very angry with Jack now. Tried to be gentle in asking Will if he went with Hannibal willingly. Will convinces Jack he was held at gunpoint, that he had no choice but go with him. That he saw the opportunity to take Dolarhyde down. Jack, unlike him, apologises for everything – though is very vague and insists that Will has saved many lives with this – and reluctantly leaves.

He falls asleep not long after. When he wakes up, Molly is not there, but a note on the table saying she’s gone to see Walter and she’ll be back soon. Maybe she’ll bring him to see her.

Alana texts and asks if she can visit, and he says yes reluctantly. When she visits, he's just upped his morphine because he was starting to get phantom pains in his stomach, and real pains everywhere else.

"Abigail?" He can barely open his eyes. The slits of light that appear show a woman with dark hair stood at the end of his bed.

"I'm so sorry, Will."

When Molly returns, he's put the morphine back down, deciding he deserves the pain, for being an awful FBI agent, being an awful husband and awful father. The pain is almost unbearable. Molly tells him to turn it up, but doesn't want to do it herself because Will has already had his control taken too much recently.

When he vomits then passes out from the pain, she ups his morphine, apologising to his sleeping form as she does so. Will doesn't mind.

It's easier to function with the thick fog hanging over him.

End Notes

i've officially written more hannibal fanfics than Peaky blinders, so i'm gonna have to write some of them :/

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